

MODERN ATHLETES IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

Where Olympian Games Were Contested Centuries Ago New York "Cracks" Will Try Their Skill.

Athens is to be invaded by athletes. In the stadium that dates back to the time of Herod and was old in the age of Philip, in the same spot where Olympic games were held centuries before Christ, athletes from all over the world will compete next April, not for the crowns of olive leaves that went to ancient winners, but for bright gold medals.

It is to be a great festival of sports—something akin to those games of the ancient Greeks. In one respect it will be vastly different, for woman will be there. She may not only occupy the time-worn marble seats in the arena as a spectator, but, clad in bloomers, she may even appear in the arena, a candidate for athletic honors. In the old days the gates of the amphitheatre were closed to women. She who dared vio-

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procession representing memorable scenes of ancient, mediæval and modern Greek history. There is to be an ancient drama played in the old theatre of Epidaurus, dances that are relics of antiquity will also be indulged in by the peasantry. In gay costumes and the philharmonic societies of that part of Europe are going to assemble at Athens to sing and play Olympic hymns composed for the occasion.

The trip to Athens and return is not as expensive as might be supposed by many. From New York to Paris is a matter of \$70 to \$100, according to the railway and every thing else included. The fare from Paris to Athens is about \$65 first class. If one takes the packet boat at Marseilles, it takes a return ticket it is 20 per cent less than that. It is a run of sixteen days, the packet boat at Marseilles. If one takes three days and a half by steamer to Piræ, a seaport town which La Fontaine has more immortalized in one of his fables than have all the historians of antiquity.

The English universities are going to send teams, and so too, will the athletic clubs of the Continent. In this country we have the New York Athletic Club, with a membership of 2,000 and property to the value of nearly \$300,000; the Berkeley Athletic Club, with 800 men and \$400,000 worth of property; the Boston Athletic Club, with a membership of 1,200 and property valued at \$450,000. The Chicago, the Detroit, the Manhattan and Staten Island and several other athletic clubs, all with a large membership, could be mentioned.

There have been no Olympic games in Greece since the Roman occupation, though a tri was made at them during the reign of King Otho, who was driven from the throne by the populace.

But that attempt of some seventy-five years ago was almost as nothing to what the present plan for a revival of Olympic sports calls for. Those celebrated games received their name either from Olympia, where they were observed, or from Jupiter Olympus, to whom they were dedicated. They were, according to some, first observed B. C. 1453, but the more received



The New Woman Will Invade the Precincts of the Maid of Athens.

MILLIONS HEAR DAN QUINN SING.

Yet He Is Neither Celebrated Nor Especially Tuneful—Dances with His Hands.

The critics agree that it is not always the best singer who gets the most honors. There is an unpretentious young man living in a very respectable neighborhood under the gas house on West Twentieth street, who can command larger audiences than the divine Patti, the bird-throated Melba or even the exuberant Gullbert. This youth, with power to outdraw the prima donna, has neither fame nor fortune and he is democratic enough to wear a pompadour and to be proud that his name is Dan Quinn.

It is the phonograph that works the wonder. Let a person of an ingenuous turn of mind buy one of those brassy instruments that bear the name of Edison. Let him take one in San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Denver, Cheyenne, or in windy

Chicago, bleak Winnipeg, sleepy St. Louis, or in Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Washington or Albany—any city in this country or in Europe that he will. Let him drop a nickel in the slot, put the prongs to his ears, and what is he apt to hear?

First he will likely hear noises that sound like frying fat. Then the machine will say "buzz-z-z! buzz-z-z!" and make more noises like frying fat. Finally—nine times in ten—a real voice will speak, very distinctly for the size of it, uttering words like these:

"Song and dance entitled 'Little Dark Brown Lou,' as sung by Mr. Dan W. Quinn."

The instrument does not stop to explain how anything, even a phonograph, can sing a dance. Last time song comes, sounding like this:

Where the colored—(sputter! buzz-z!) dwell
Lives a little—(sputter! buzz-z!) boy on a dusky
Little belle.
A be mean to wed right soon.
But this lit—(buzz-z!) nigger
Was as jay—(crack-z!) as could be.
And so (sputter! buzz-z!) joke
He quickly came a'poutin' round and said:

up from the floor, a framework cleverly constructed to hold a number of phonographs in such a manner that the big ends of their receiving horns are brought close together, and stands for the operators. When everything was ready for "Dark Brown Lou" two men started all the phonographs. They are run by electric motors. Dan Quinn mounted a platform that brought his face close to the group of horns. Frank Banta, who has been the accompanist for years, climbed into an elevated seat facing the piano. The whole back had been taken out of the piano so that its sound could reach the phonographs unhindered.

"All ready," shouted the man at the phonographs. "Go!"

At the word Banta hammered away at the piano for dear life. Quinn bent to his work and shouted the words of the song into the trumpets as if he were singing to—say—ten thousand people. When the chorus was finished the music of the accompaniment kept on going, much after the fashion of a horse that runs past the post. Quinn picked up two pine boards, and with them began pounding out the clog dance on a small empty wooden box.

When the cylinders that had been made were tested on a parlor phonograph by the girl whose duty it is to try the "records," the result was found to be as beautiful as the reality had been prosaic. The semblance of Dan Quinn in the instrument went through the song, played its own accompaniment and then rose on the visionary stage, and, with wonderfully nimble feet, danced to the refrain. Dan Quinn listened to the reproduction of his own song and box-thumping as it came out of the brass horn. It seemed as if he had projected his astral body.

For more than five years Quinn and his accompanist, Banta, have been making "records" for the phonograph companies. In this time he has sung to impress 50,000 cylinders. But even this figure does not give an adequate conception of the audience the young man has sung to through the wavy lines of his creations. It has been proved possible for these "records" to be stolen. One "record" is made to talk into another phonograph, and in that way stolen copies, or "duplicates," are made. High-priced lawyers are now trying to do something in their sheep-skin coats which will bring phonograph "records" within the bounds of the copyright law. It is a fine business. Five hundred cylinders have become 500,000 by this time, for there are some flogging firms which do a big business. It is a species of robbery which does not at present appear to be a crime. Estimating that five people have listened to each of these 500,000 cylinders, 2,500,000 persons have heard this particular song by Dan Quinn.

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Since these methods have been in vogue songs travel everywhere that man lives with amazing swiftness. It is said that the year "Two Little Girls in Blue" came out, a man left San Francisco for Herschel Island, 2,000 miles beyond Sitka, in the Arctic Ocean, and on his arrival there found that the little Eskimaux boys were already singing the song.

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Comic songs, relying entirely on his memory, and pronounce every single word in verses and choruses with distinctness enough to give the phonograph a chance to catch it.



Where Ancient Greeks Struggled for the Emperor's Favor, Modern New Yorkers Will Box, Play Football and Ride Bicycles.

lance this law was hurled to death from a high rock.

The Olympic games were observed every fifth year, or to speak with greater exactness, after a revolution of four years, and in the first month of the fifth year and they continued five days. This space of time between the celebrations was called an Olympiad, and became an era among the Greeks, who computed their time by it for a very long period. Those who arranged at the Paris Athletic Congress of two years ago for a revival of these festivals were not entirely faithful to the ancient custom of observing them. The sports at Athens in April next are the first of a series of international meetings; the second festival occurs at Paris in 1900 and the third four years later. The meeting will be inaugurated April 6—that is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the proclamation of Greek independence—and will continue during five days. The general programme of the games is as follows, although there may be some modification of it later on:

Athletic Sports.—Foot races, jumping, throwing of weights and the javelin, gymnastics—individual and collective combats, fencing and wrestling, assaults with sword and sabre.

Shooting.—At a mark, different distances, on a hill near Athens.

Naval Sports.—Yachting and rowing races in the Bay of Piræus, just outside of the capital. Canoeing—swimming races, polo matches, football—all in the same waters.

Divers.—Contests—bicycle races, tennis, cricket and golf matches.

This will be the programme, as near as it is possible to now determine it, and there is enough of the Hellenic about it to give the meeting an ancient stamp. What could be more glorious sport than to run a foot race of a "stadion" before 50,000 persons? What could be more charming than yachting contests in a bay where once 300 sturdy Greek "fire-breathers" shattered the Asiatic squadrons and sealed the fate of the world?

The Greeks have always been keen admirers of outdoor sports and athletic games, and they will be there in force to cheer the victors on. The news that Athens had been chosen by the congress at Paris for the new Olympiad was hailed with great enthusiasm all over the kingdom. The information reached Greece just when that country was in the throes of a political contest that threatened its good name and implied bankruptcy. But the better people, led by King George, the king of the Hellenes, rescued the state from the danger which menaced it, and then, when the present war and excellent government had been formed, and all was quiet again, the people gave vent to their enthusiasm over the idea and help and encouragement came from all classes of society, from all the isles and from every part of the old peninsula.

The Hellenic Government voted a large subvention to meet current expenses, and numerous subscription lists were started. One rich Greek, Mr. Averof, living in Alexandria, gave nearly a million francs, and other poured in of their wealth liberally. His Highness the Crown Prince was placed at the head of the local Committee of Arrangements. He is untiring and devoted to the cause. Prince George, a lieutenant in the Greek Navy, and Prince Nicholas are both as enthusiastic and indefatigable as their royal brother, and each of them is at the head of an imperial sub-committee.

All these Princes, the King and Queen also, and every leading citizen are showing much interest in the work, and when the "teams" and the tourists from all parts of the civilized world go to the city that was founded more than 3,450 years ago they will not only find everything ready, but they will be given such a hearty welcome as only the Greeks know how to give. They will be there when springtime is at its highest, when the sun is most genial, when the sky and sea are bluest, when the air is best laden with the perfume of flowers, when moonlight is the brightest, when the glowing tints of early evening are most like along the mountain sides.

The mystic influence of the Greek land, with its natural beauty and its powerful historic past, will impart a special brilliancy to this international gathering, besides which there is Greek hospitality, the taking into consideration, and the Athenians are planning to entertain their visitors in the very best of their ability. There will be highly illuminations of the Acropolis and other classic monuments of the capital, and it is proposed to have a grand historic

Of course, the shortest route leads through Italy. The railway ticket takes one from Paris to the Most Cenia tunnel, to Turin, to Brindisi, and thence by boat to Patras, whence there is a very managed railway to Athens. Steamers leave Brindisi four times every week, the boat leaving on Friday stops for several hours at Corfu, one of the Ionian islands, to enable passengers to make a pretty excursion to the chateau of the Empress of Austria. After this halt the boat hastens on to Patras, whence the distance to the capital is only seven hours.

But if this "quarry all rail" route is quick and convenient, it is not the cheapest nor the best, and besides the steamer from Marseilles to Piræus is a joy forever. A boat leaves every fifteen days direct for Piræ, and the voyage over the Mediterranean along the southern edge of the Ionian Sea, and among the many islands has such an indescribable charm that passengers reluctantly quit the deck when the ship's bell sounds the hour for retiring.

It begins to look as if the United States were not going to be properly represented at these Olympic games. Mr. William M. Sloane, the eminent professor of Princeton College, has had something to do with carrying on the agitation in this country, but has not been in any way the head of the movement. He declares that the invitations were sent direct to the various clubs from Athens.

"But one of these responded," he says.



Testing the Record.

and that seemed enough—the New York Athletic Club. The club declared its intention of sending a team, which would, of course, have been a splendid one, alas! it has recently been announced its intention. This I believe to have been caused by inability to get a team together and into training at this season."

Captain William B. Curtis, the famous amateur sportsman, does not think the States for at least three good seasons, and these he summons down to: First, the great expense of such an expedition; second, the inopportune time of the year; and third, want of publicity of the programme.

"There have been general statements," he writes a friend, "that there would be running and jumping and weight-throwing, but no sententious programme has been published. For instance, Mr. Kilpatrick, the world's champion half-mile runner, might be the race between a farthing and a mile, and consequently would have nothing to do when he got there. Or Mr. Vester, the world's champion sprinter, might not have been short enough to fit his ability."

opinion is that they were established by Herod after his victory obtained over Augustus, B. C. 122, though Homer makes no mention of them, and yet he was careful to chronicle the amusements and diversions of the ancient Greeks. It is pretty certain that Iphitus, a King of Elis, in the age of Lycurgus, renewed them about 1884 years before the Christian era.

There is every probability that the New Manhattan Athletic Club will be represented at the Grecian games by a very strong team. Several candidates are now in training for the sprints and weights, and one of the best hurdlers in the country has signified his willingness to become a member of the team if he can secure the approval of his parents. It is possible that Clinton Irwin-Martin, of Berkeley School, will represent the club in the quarter and half mile. A new weight-thrower has also been found who can equal Mitchell's work, but at present the club will not make public the full list of competitors.



Miss Yaw's Voice like "Trilby's."

There are strong reasons for the belief that Miss Ellen Bech Yaw, the widest-ranged soprano in the world, who is now at the Waldorf preparing for her debut in this city, is the original of "Trilby." Or at least, it is very probable that Du Maurier got the suggestion for his celebrated character from her. Not that she fits the character of the Trilby of the Paris studios, by any means, for she is as far from these as

derful, more Trilby-like compass than that. Her voice ranges from G below the staff to E in altissimo, twenty-seven full tones.

But not alone on account of her phenomenal voice does Miss Yaw fit Du Maurier's character. She is the "very tall and fully developed young female" whom the author describes. She bears herself with "easy, unembarrassed grace, like a person whose nerves and muscles are well in tune, whose spirits are highest on a person. She has the way Trilby hair, the 'healthy young face which could scarcely be called beautiful at first sight,' but the Yaw face, like the Trilby face, grows on a person. But it is that neck, that marvellous Yaw neck, which we have to thank for containing the most attitudinous voice the world has ever known, which fits most exactly the detailed description given of Trilby. Then there is the fine brow, the 'thin, level eyebrows darker than her hair,' etc.



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All through the song is heard a piano accompaniment. After the chorus the listener hears the sound of clog-dancing in time with the same chorus accompaniment repeated. It is very realistic. To the man with tubes to his ears it seems as if he could all but see "Mr. Dan Quinn" heeling it down in good old negro minstrel style on the stage. As a matter of fact Dan

Singing to the Largest Audience in the World—Quinn and the Phonograph Receivers.

Illustrated from life by a Journal staff artist.